

THE CHEWED UP PENCIL ERASER GATE

There was a skinny young lady from Ethiopia named Genie who had more than the two hots and a half for peni.
Her tribal name was, La Boston Pencil Sharpener Speedy. She thought her father Teeny's eagle pencil was a weenie.
She blow torched it off. She twisted it soft. She ate it and coughed. Now here's the boff: She said, "Now you see, Teeny,
Now I shall be the big Chiefee of sunny Ethiopia and Italy. You no have the smarts nor the will to mänge a Mussoini"
Stars shine bright on shatter light. Deep in back of that dead stars flat on their back squeak rods cut off in their prime
Stumps on a vacant rack: Thee. The. The. That's the way the cleverer clippo clippe clippi affondi i peni, compari.

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Many a lip is gaping for drink and madly calling for rain;
And some hot brains are beginning to think of a mess mate's opened vein,
Or a toe or a tongue or a well hung bung or a dung on a half a lung slung by a kink crinkled hair,
Or a quite bell shaped testicle hung hard in the sun on the rung of an o too too solid teak stair.
Stars shine bright on shatter light deep in back of that is a deep blue impotable fishy wrack,
Behind that is total dark in back of an elaborate yet fabricate deep sea misadventure tack:
Dead stars flat on their cool back squeak drink to me only with thine eyes in a wet rack:
Blub. Glub. Glub. Glub. That's sometimes that's the best thing there is to drink, folks.

THE REALLY BIG STAR GATE

Roll gas of the gods! solar winds! violent violet black holes! All heaven's heavy hitters swell to big hot starry rolls!
Over-oiled in the dark end, over-polished bowling alley minds struggle hard to get to where they are so far!
All power move flings and frozen cold flames motivate burning balls and curls churning blazing up fames
To strike the gutter maddened masses with blazing frames! Stars burn to prove they are hot lean mean shits,
Or pretend whatever it was was never meant to be, could not possibly be, was not one of their greatest hits.
Stars burn bright on shatter light and really high energy box office brain dead shlock stars on their back
Squeak off body temperature IQs to make some really good shoes. Thee. The. The. That's the bigger the
Star the number the small brain patterns and for that matter the dumber the entire petty pitter patter, folks.

THE REALLY SMALL STAR GATE

The greatest star is the very small light one in your dark neck above your back,
That breathes the whisper of the desert wind and the tinkle of the camel bell back.
Whenever you may follow this star your life will always become a newer one.
Whenever you don't follow this your life's a no-seed cold manure in a sewer gun.
So do not work in inhuman stress a shredded Death Wannabe freak out hairy.
Do not bury your life as a gofor on the inutile remote off screen scary prairie.
Do not ever be of inner star soft stare non glare invisible inner stair unwary.
O be airy fairy like that good old Jew boy, murdered new Goy, rootin tootin,
Love boot scootin, death lootin son of Mary. Stars shine bright on inner light.
Get a life the size of a small light. Thee. The. The. The. The. That's all, folks.

THE BULWER LYTTON GATE

His smile was silent as the smile on corpses four hours old. Her smile was silent as the smile on corpses three
Hours old. Her father's smile was silent as the smile on corpses five hours old. His father's smile was silent as the
Smile on corpses six hours old. Her mother's smile was silent as the smile on corpses seven hours old. His mother's
Smile was silent as the smile on corpses eight hours old. The smile of the child who was yet to be, was silent as no
Hours old. Stars shine bright on shatter light. Dead undertakers flat on their back squeak business must be pretty
Good around here for miles. Thee. The. The. That's very often, underneath it all, business is far from dead similes, folks.